

## LISTEN TO YOURSELF.

Oh, teacher, let me hear you teach;  
You have brave words from olden ears,  
The lore of those long-bearded men—  
Of all the far-off years:  
The gray old thoughts of gray old men—  
Beneath the Asian stars,  
Brought safe by fate through clashing  
years  
Of unremembered wars.  
And you have read the huddled tomes  
Of many an aloofed shelf;  
But have you stood beneath the stars  
And listened to yourself?

Oh, teacher, let me hear you teach;  
You at old sage's feet have sat;  
Know you the man within your coat,  
The man beneath your hat?  
You know the thoughts that shaped the  
world,  
From far-off centuries blown;  
What says the man who talks with thee  
When thou art all alone?  
Why should I listen to a man  
Who listens at the alcoved shelf?  
Man, let me hear a living man  
Who listens to himself.  
—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

## CITY ADVENTURE.

Two people coming to Chicago at about the same time, from the same place and with about the same aspirations, are liable to meet with similar experiences.

As an illustration of this rather high-sounding proposition there may be related the experience of the young man from Loam City, which is more loam than city, and yet a community of good people who make a specialty of remaining at home except when there are excursion rates.

This young man, tired of the long days and quiet evenings in Loam City, with nothing but an occasional lecture or church social to break the eternal monotony. He wanted to be where he could hear the ding-ding of the cable cars and see the patrol wagons go by. He used his influence with a traveling salesman who came to sell goods to his father every 30 or 60 days, and at last had a chance to go to work in the shipping department of the wholesale house at a salary which represented the wildest dreams of Loam City avarice, although you may be sure that he found it small enough after a few weeks among the cigar stores and cafeterias of the cruel metropolis.

"Oh, you, who have lived in town all your days, and who became dulled to the charms of urban life through too much early contact, if you could see Chicago just once as the Loam City boy saw it in the dusk as he walked northward from the Polk street station!

The mountainous office buildings towered for miles above him. The roar of the city smote strangely on an ear accustomed to the perennial silence of Loam City.

Every hansom cab that trundled by with a driver tilted jauntily on the high perch had to him the charm of novelty and dream of luxury.

Far down the street he saw the gliding cable trains, and to him they were still a mystery and a delight.

The incandescent lights studded the windows like jewels, and as he walked past the brilliant interiors he felt that he could almost breathe the glare and get an intoxicating effect.

And the people who pushed by him in the gathering current! How easy and self-possessed they seemed in all the turmoil and excitement! Perhaps they had become accustomed to this circus-day noise and splendor.

They were so well dressed, too, many of them, and they moved rapidly—men, women, boys—talking, laughing, shouting, jostling, crowding. It was the six o'clock rush, and with it came a clamor of wheels and bells and screeching brakes.

The young man clung to his valise more desperately. He tried to watch the whirling and eddying streams of people, and he became dizzy in the effort. All the time he had a sick lonesomeness as he realized that no one person in this multitude knew him or cared for him.

One young man, when suddenly pushed into the activities of city life, will give way to his timidity and fright, and not recover for weeks. Another, after the first depressing effect, will feel the contagion of movement and enjoyment and will want to join in them immediately.

The young man from Loam City had no sooner deposited his valise at the European hotel and hurried to the street again than he felt an exhilarating desire to take advantage of all his rights and privileges as a resident of Chicago.

He had an assertive self-confidence and that very useful conviction that one man is as good as another—if not better.

He came to a restaurant from the doors of which there escaped a continuous uproar. The shouts of the waiters, the clatter of dishes and the shuffle of feet joined with the rumble of talk from a vast herd of people at the tables. There were at least 300 men and women in the place. Some were eating voraciously. Others champed nervously and beckoned for their portions of meat. Still others talked.

There were constellations of electric lights above and on any side. The colored stucco work in the ceiling tossed itself in billows and large patches of mirror gleamed on the walls.

Here was grandeur, sure enough,

and the young man from Loam City gave himself over to the most riotous imaginings as he leaned back in his chair, perfectly at home and perfectly self-possessed. He was only six hours away from Loam City, and yet he was in another world, all stucco and electric lights and genuine happiness.

He brought a spluttering negro to his side by a condescending movement of the hand and ordered an oyster stew, after which he devoted his time to a study of people at the surrounding tables, trying to select from each one a home and a business occupation.

He was rather surprised to learn that the charge for the oyster stew was only 20 cents. The stew had not been particularly good, but he naturally expected to pay something for incidental magnificence.

He walked out of the restaurant and stood in front, picking his teeth, as he felt that he had a right to do, having just eaten in the place.

He had a joyous sense of freedom and was keen with anticipation. He knew that no matter in which direction he moved the city would unroll itself in a panorama of new life, and that if he would but look he might see all the fashion, the architectural beauty, the marvelous show windows, the picturesque wickedness and the attractive poverty of Chicago. He strolled away from the restaurant, wondering why he had not come to the city years before.

A crash of music startled him, and he discovered that he was in front of a dime museum.

The colored paintings shrieked at the passersby. A concealed brass band played with deafening vigor. Behind a glass window a chalky woman with a spreading mat of yellow hair was fondling a limber and very sleepy reptile.

The young man knew of the varied attractions of a dime museum. He went in, reflecting as he did so that in Loam City one could not purchase so much genuine entertainment for ten cents.

He was duly interested in the freaks of nature and chilled with horror when he saw nails driven through the hands of "the woman who knows no pain." Afterward he witnessed a stage performance given by performers who could dance wonderfully well and were simply bubbling over with new jokes.

As he left the museum and started away a negro in a faded check suit tapped him on the arm and motioned to him to step up close to a lighted window.

"Do you want to buy a diamond?" asked the negro, in a whisper.

"No, I guess not," replied the other, surprised.

"Don't say a word. The police are after me. If they get me with this ring I'm gone. I don't want to throw it away. I'll sell it to you for anything—two dollars. Only hurry!"

He opened his hand cautiously and showed a ring set with a stone of fiery brilliancy. The young man from Loam City hesitated.

"Hurry up," said the negro, pushing the ring into his hands. "Give me the money."

The young man took two silver dollars from his pocket and slipped them to the negro, who hurried away.

Here was a real city adventure to begin with—the purchase of a stolen diamond. The young man pushed it into his pocket and dared not take it out until he reached his hotel. He had an apprehensive feeling in passing a policeman at a corner, and he wondered whether he would be implicated in the stealing if some one saw him wearing the ring and recognized it.

Or was the ring stolen? The negro had not said so.

The young man studied the ring carefully after he reached his room. It was very yellow gold and the diamond dazzled him. Should he keep it or should he sell it?

He had heard that a diamond will scratch glass. He tried the stone against the window pane without effect. He saw that he had been mistaken. A diamond does not scratch glass.

He slept uneasily that night because of the strangeness of his surroundings, the noise in the streets and the occasional guilty twinge of conscience.

Next day he went to work, but he told no one of his purchase. At the end of a week he began to feel that there was no risk, so he wore the ring. It seemed to be less brilliant than at first.

On the street ten days after he arrived he met a friend from Loam City. He seized him by the hand.

"How are you, Ed?" he asked.

"Well, I declare. I've been around to the store to see you, but they wouldn't let me in."

"What are you doin' up here?"

"I came up to locate. Say, where did you get that ring?"

"Why?"

"Because I've got one just like it. I bought it of a colored fellow in front of the museum the other night."

"Well, I'll be darned! That's where I bought mine."—Chicago Record.

## SCIENCE OF WRESTLING.

Advice of Billy Muldoon—For Health and Self-Defense.

Billy Muldoon, the great wrestler, has given some "tips" in his art and says that every young man should learn the game as a means to the preservation of good health. Says Muldoon:

"The reason why wrestling has quietly sunk into oblivion is because it has not the outward show of excitement that boxing has. It lacks a certain fierceness that pleases the majority of the public. There are no blows to bring out the brutal instinct, nor is the test of pluck so outwardly shown. The fact remains, and anyone will attest to it who knows wrestling, that pluck is required, just as much as in boxing.

"I desire to recommend this exercise to young men and boys especially. I have been an athlete all my life and connected with others of the same profession. There is no exercise known which will better develop the human frame physically or give it such lasting powers to withstand sickness and ill health as wrestling. A boy needs, first of all, a strong frame. No weakling can fight his way in this world without giving large attention to increasing his physical powers. He may look a good way before he can find a better opportunity for his purpose than wrestling. It strengthens the bones, enlarges the muscles, gives good wind and develops a pluck and determination that should not be neglected.

"Those who watch wrestling and do not understand its principles consider it a slow game—a mere twisting around of arms and legs, with no excitement to give it a proper go. Let these novices try the exercise and they will change their mind. I have been so tired after a bout of wrestling that my arms have been almost paralyzed, and I was utterly unable to raise them. This certainly proves the strain of the exercise.

"Wrestling is a scientific study, not only of physical prowess, but of equilibrium. It brings out logical thought. A man in a certain position with muscles of the proper description can be thrown by only one method. It requires a study of anatomy to figure out this means. One must know each little muscle in the body and what power it is able to give in each exertion. There are many boys and men who are stronger than they know, and yet will never realize it. Wrestling would teach them in short order just where their particular power lies and how to use it.

"Many boys are prevented from going into this sport from the reason that they are told there are so many holds and falls to be learned. They seem to think that it is so intricate that they hardly care to risk the trial of learning it. It is not necessary to go into the study so deeply as all this. The main principles are all that are needed. They are very simple and can be easily learned. It is only when two professionals, equal in muscular development and scientific knowledge, meet that some particular lock or squirm wins out. To know where to exert the power to throw a man is the fulcrum of success. To throw your strength just under the plank of equilibrium and in the direction where no brace can be obtained is the winning principle.

"Large attention is paid to boxing as a means of defense in time of danger. Few people think that wrestling holds any importance in such cases. Permit me to say that they are sadly mistaken. There is no situation that I know of where wrestling could not be used to certain advantage. It would avoid bloodshed and the brutal maiming which sometimes happens in scraps. By learning my pet hobby a small man is able to cope with the larger antagonist. It is not a pleasant position to be in when a six-foot man attacks you, if you are a mere strapping fellow. Yet, by getting a low hold upon him, and with the knowledge of how to throw your strength and weight, he is bound to fall to the ground. It is well to remember that in such a position height is equalized. It then becomes a mere question of coolness and power. I think I am safe in saying that all small men should learn wrestling, if for nothing else than their own benefit.

"I am a thorough believer in physical culture. I have had a large experience in training men, and have seen old men regain their youth by such means. It makes the weak strong again; it turns sickness into health. If more men would give up the craze of making money and devote some little time and thought to exercise, the American race would be better off."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The Lazy Spaniards.

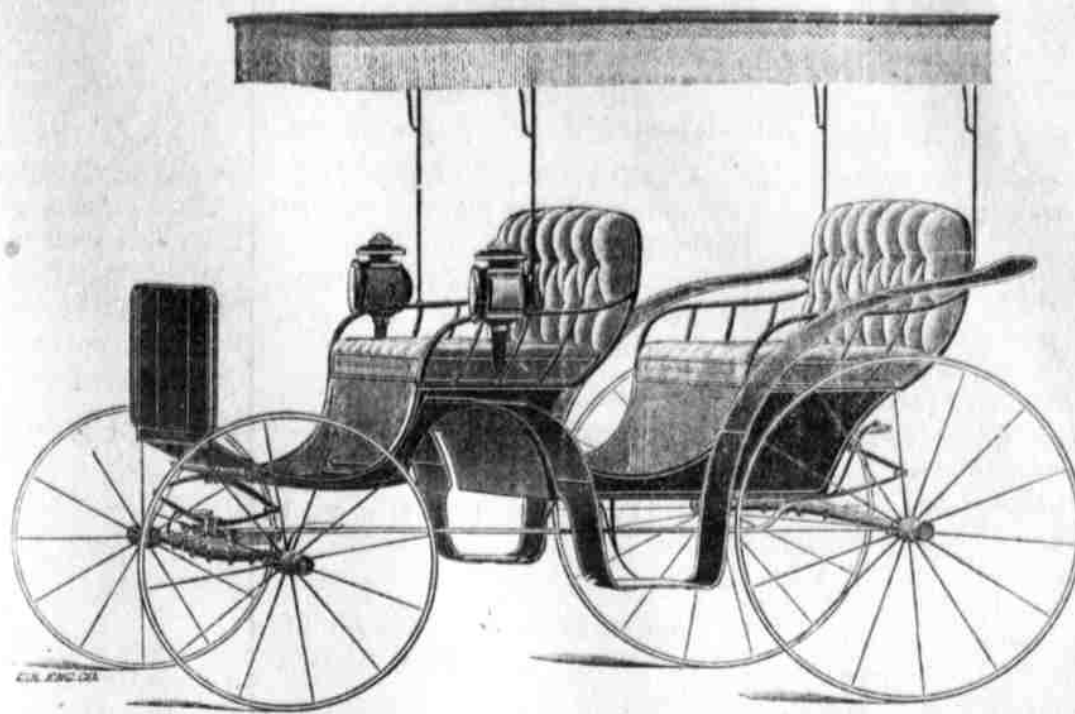
The Spaniards are too lazy to cut their own corn. At harvest time crowds of Portuguese cross the border and do all the harvesting.

### A Curious Coincidence.

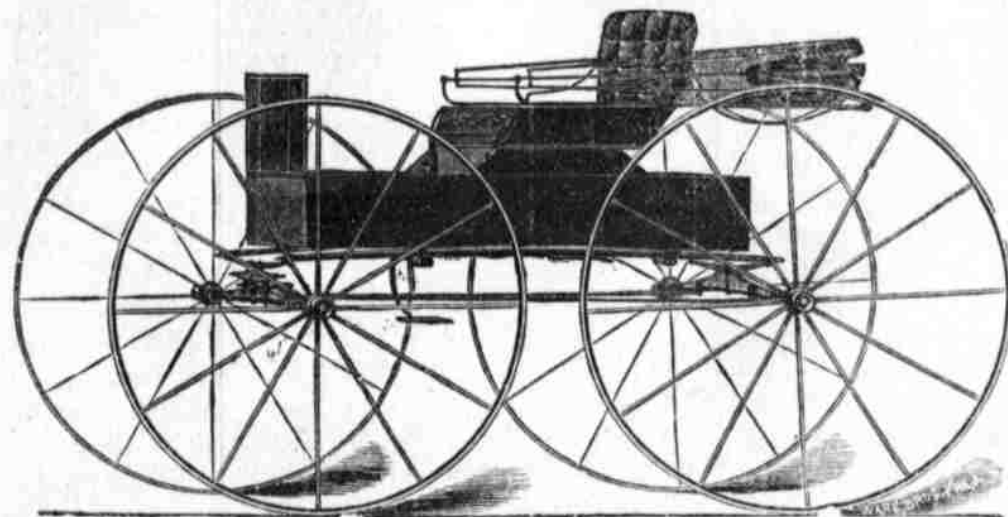
By a curious coincidence the number of lives lost at sea during 1896 in British merchant ships is returned as exactly 1,897.

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Samantha at Saratoga, in a New Dress.

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